

dirty jokes. All this while Daniel is there. Her father talks about gangbanging native women in the Amazon during World War II. He was an air traffic controller for some secret project. Again in front of Daniel. She says they have never done anything like this. She has an argument with her mother about love and getting married during which her mother walks out on her. She wants Simone to get married. Why not Jack, she says, he's so considerate and polite, she tells Simone. Simone confronts her about not being in love with Martin and having married him only for the security. That's when she walks out. A bit rough on her mother, but it will keep her from pushing. Another incident where her mother pulls her dress up and starts dancing around in the living room. Daniel is standing right near her. Simone is shocked by this as she's never seen such a thing from her mother. Why did you do that, she asks incredulously, and with Daniel watching. She claims to have felt like it, and Daniel didn't see anything, right Daniel? All very peculiar. But I am wondering what she's been telling them about the situation with me. Obviously something as Simone constantly relates little things from her mother about how Michael was not so bad after all, why not marry Jack, why not meet this nice lawyer I know, and so on. But she says almost nothing about what she's told them. She got in an odd situation trying to tell her mother how I was such a weird person once several months ago. She could not tell her the truth. Her mother suggested we date other people. She went no further than saying that we were already doing this. But I just don't know. I've tried to get something out of her but meet only resistance. Something is causing this behavior in them. And its like nothing I've ever seen from them.

All the old problems are still here with us. They have been temporarily put aside. She wants no other women here in the house. She doesn't want them in my bed, at all, ever. She means to say she doesn't want me to have anything to do with them at all. But she stops before this comes out. I know its there. She has been covering it with a thin layer of cordiality and superficial acceptance. But she lets her hatred get the better of her. So, its a question as to what we will do. I will certainly not give up on my right to free association and developing relationships. She wants to control this part of my life to avoid the feelings it causes in her. She wants me to stop doing this. It will get boiled down to this or continue as a daily covert battle. I notice it more in her voice when someone calls for me. It is almost as though she has received bad news. She becomes a bit unglued. Her in charge facade slips a little. I find myself, internally at least, slipping back into battle formation. A few practice fights during the day.

Dana has stayed away all weekend from being mad at me. He really puts me in control of the situation by this. He is a bit stuck waiting for me to do something. He keeps telling Simone that we need to talk about things. But he doesn't start anything with me on his own. He waits. I stay in control.

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Linda is very pissed off at me and Simone. Why Simone is a mystery to me. She doesn't want to come to our Christmas dinner, or have Simone help her move to New York. Just the other day she asked Simone to live with her, but without me. She has just called here and wants to talk to me. She has been feeling very jealous the last few days. Her response is to withdraw from me. It started last Saturday night when I wouldn't leave Ann for her. She had a date earlier with someone she describes as very handsome. We had a very wonderful, sensuous time. Just with faces, touching, rubbing, feeling, looking at. She didn't allow it to go below her neck, as usual. She wanted to be with me after it was over.

What it is about the men she picks? They have to fit her idea of handsome. This prejudice eliminates many good people. Further, she wants people who will admire her for superficial things, like the condition of her skin, or praise her body, or the way she dresses. They turn out to be people who use those lines to get women. She liked Dana a lot. But had the same problem of letting go with him. She likes the way he is very athletic in bed, and very romantic. She tells me about an argument they had a few days ago. It seems that Dana claims to have penetrated her when they were in bed last Christmas or New Years, when I called from Austria. Linda denies that it went that far. Probably somewhere in between.

Linda has had a little bit of her talk with me. She is very disturbed at the situation with me and Simone. I think she wanted it to come to an end. A real end. But now its back to almost normal. On the surface, at least. What are you going to do about your couple relationship, she demands. I thought you didn't want that. I thought you were afraid to be alone with Simone? What happened Richard? She thinks I should hold exactly to some position. That things shouldn't change, or at least shouldn't change in the direction they have changed. She's written something for me about her feelings this evening. It was ok, earlier, but she got very upset when Simone came in. She cried a lot while we were gone. Then she wrote. She wants me to read it. I tell her to do it and she will get a lot out of it. I don't want to, she says. I don't want to read, I tell her. She leaves after reading from a page or two of my notes.

But I am disturbed also. What am I going to do about this couple relationship? I can feel it dragging me down again. Simone is starting to make all her little demands on my energy and time. Suddenly, again, it is necessary for me to go many places, and do lots of little things with her. She had resolved to do many things differently in the week or so we didn't see each other. But tonight, like with many other things, she has failed to follow through. A dance class at 5:30. She didn't get to the studio till 6:15. Too late for the warmup and dancing.

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Simone and I went to visit Bob and Nancie last night. Christmas season type of visit. A number of other couples were there or stopped by. I learned about a new social phenomenon, slam dancing. Its held Thursday and Friday nights at the Paradise club. Its a place for punk rock bands. Spectators pay admission to watch it. Its mostly young males, maybe 20-25. They seem to be lower/working class people. They dress in punk type costumes. A heavy bass beat is important to the dancing. Someone describes it as very primitive. They start out moving together and working themselves into an alcohol/drug stupor. Then the slamming begins. They slam and crash into each other. People are not allowed to hit with fists or break furniture. Several people may be sent to the hospital during a night. They have bouncers to throw the rowdier ones out. Its been going on for about two years here in the Boston area. Nobody seemed to know if it goes on anywhere else. It takes people with lots of aggression and hatred. They seem to get a lot of pleasure out of hurting others. The watchers, like the person who described it, are afraid to get involved themselves, but are fascinated and hypnotized by it. Peter, who lives with Nancie and Bob, described all this to me. The owner of the club, Jack, gave him a free lifetime pass to slam dancing parties.

Simone was like a wallflower. She stayed back from things, didn't talk much. Later she told me I was right about her behavior. There was something going on. She has told Nancie, at least, about her decision to leave me. And here we show up together. She reversed her position and was feeling anxious about what people might think of her. She was also a bit intimidated by the people. They tend to be either rich or well connected people, relative to her. She's the same way around her aunt Gloria, who married into a wealthy situation.

Something I noticed was the very low level, superficial interactions people had. Mine were not so active either. We were in a very beautiful, expensive apartment with people who have done very well in the outside world. But the world inside the door of the place was very dry, stale, dull, limited, unenergetic, and boring. From time to time I had the urge to try and start something more active. But I was held back by my own anxieties about being thought a fool, pushy, or out of it. I wanted, and probably everyone else, to make things more interesting, a little more alive, but at the same time there was an unspoken, but mutual agreement, a common desire on the other hand, to keep things light and superficial. It is what could be called the new social pressure. As though people feel they can talk about deeper things, but since we can its not necessary. Or maybe its just me being a little drunk from the rum and eggnog.

Ken called just before we left for Nancie's. He realizes he's in love with her and wants a relationship but doesn't know what it will look like. He goes on for some time about getting her a Christmas present. Its a special present for a very special person, and had to be just perfect for that person. A perfect reflection of that person's personality. Nothing about when they will see each other.

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I suspect this may be a function of when my next date will be with someone other than Simone. She is probably anxious right now about proposing something for fear of me doing something in return, or seeing this as her saying its ok for me to do something. She's told me not to have anyone sleep here with me. But hasn't gone so far as to say I stop it completely. This is what she wants. Its not what she wants for herself.

Simone tells me more about Edwin's being a drunken fool with her. In this new version we have her naked from the waist up. Last time she was in her bedroom with just a slip on, and Jack was not there. This time she is fondling with Jack when Edwin comes in and lecherously asks about what's going on here. Jack gets pissed and goes upstairs. Edwin climbs on her, fondles her crotch and starts kissing her. She both protests and accepts it at the same time. Edwin has never acted like that around me before, she says incredulously. But also with an element of having enjoyed it, in her voice. Ruth Kaplan, formerly Captain Kaplan, United States Air Force, has asked Simone to have an affair with her. And she's man enough to be able to do it.

This morning, about 8am, Simone jumps up in response to the door being opened. Its Jack. He's come early to see if she's sleeping with me. She's out of bed like a shot. No clothes. Mumbles an excuse about having to go to the bathroom, and tries to make it look like that's what she was doing. They go out for breakfast. Last night I imagined that he might be wanting to give her a wedding ring. I wonder how big the ring will be, I say to Simone. What ring, she asks. The wedding ring, I respond. She doesn't think that's what he wants to say. Its about her sleeping with me and about his being celibate. He says I don't understand his wanting to be this way. He's going to visit Jean Varda in New Mexico. He called earlier this evening to say he'd missed his plane. Last weekend he got Simone to the train station too late. He has troubles organizing this part of his life. Something about how he thinks Joe is manipulating both her and Linda in the maelstrom on Amory Street. Something to do with using them sexually. His latest idea is for Edwin to move downstairs to this apartment, and then for Simone to move upstairs with him. He kicks out his father, Edwin, and gets his mother, Simone to come to him. He's benefiting the two least powerful people here. He and Simone don't have the same equity in the apartments as Edwin, Dana, or me. He would be reducing Edwin to his position and, by taking Simone, put me in another aspect of his present situation. Not even Simone will fall for this one though. It is very unlikely to happen.

This thing has happened with Simone. I tell her about a proposed date with Ann. She immediately responds with her plan to maybe do something with Ken tonite. She's afraid to really tell me what she's planning. Always she thinks this kind of situation will cause me to retaliate. But its never happened. She tells me he thinks her crotch smells like seashells. It smells like she needs a bath to me.

Another mystery here on Amory Street. It seems that Simone has bought me 16 or 20 presents for Christmas. She also bought a chocolate vagina for Joe, and a chocolate penis for Lotti. Some of these presents have disappeared. One of them, a small container of maple syrup, showed up in the refrigerator. She did not put Lotti or Joe's name on there packages. Its possible she's making all this up. That she didn't really buy me all those things. Perhaps its a way of getting me to buy her something. She wants me to, and said so with her Christmas stocking story. It wouldn't look good for your stocking to have lots of things in it and for mine to be empty, she pouts. Now, on the other side, we have Jack and Dana who are absolutely furious that she has bought me all these things. They don't want her to do this. They see it as more backsliding. She giving in to me again. What she needs to do, according to them, is to resist these impulses to be good to me. He doesn't deserve someone as good as you, they remind her. You deserve better, they assure her. I have suggested that she speak to Jack and Dana about this. It is hard to imagine who else it might have been. They both have complete access, via their keys to the apartment. I have had fantasies about confronting them. But it makes no difference to me. This is something they are doing to her. They are covertly manipulating her. Covertly deciding what she should be doing, and then implementing their ideas. And I think this is the end of the whole matter for me.

Another mystery about Joe and Linda. Simone comes to me with the story of how those two are fucking, sometimes even during the day. I ask both of them but they both say no. Joe does not respond directly, but tells me that Linda can be believed more often than Simone. On the other hand its possible that they are. But the cosmic boomerang will take care of them if they lie.

Linda experienced the cosmic boomerang last Saturday. She had a date with Warren Beatty (that's just what we call him as he is so handsome and resembles Warren). He finds her very attractive and told her a lot about himself. But it turns out to be a lie. He's married. He used the old roommate story on her. She wants someone very handsome and attractive to tell her how beautiful she is. I think most men are able to do this with her and have their way. She found out the truth when whe called his house. He was a bit dumb to let her do this. He probably didn't think she would pursue the female voice that answered all the way to his relationship with her. She doesn't want to see him again, but I've suggested it would be good for her to talk with him again. She needs to be able to see what's going on when in a situation like this. She wants to ignore the fact that he took her for a ride. He pulled the wool over her eyes. Nobody likes that to happen to them. But following up here will help her understand how men like that do what they do to her. She may be able to save herself next time. This was the same night she called and tried to get me to leave Ann for her. The whole experience with him made her very horny. He played his cards well and held back.

Simone has a whole new story. She has been totally anxious about her relationship with me. She wants us to either marry or for me to move out. I find this a very strange choice. She very deeply believes that being married will do something for her insecurities. That it will bind me to her in some magical way. That other people will be less of a threat to her. On the other hand she elaborates, to great detail, on how I am not the right man for her, how I will never be capable of being a good father to her children. She knows, in reality, that marriage has not helped any of her friends who've married in the last year. Some of them are moving toward divorce. Michael has given her money to pay for a course to help her decide about staying or leaving me. And all the time, an enormous chorus of advisors, all imploring her to leave me. All of them telling her how much better she is than me. That she deserves someone much better. I wonder if they imagine themselves to be that person? Dana seems to ask each day, what are you going to do about Richard. He asked her if I changed my underwear after showering. I don't know exactly why he did this, but perhaps evidence for some sort of case he's making against me. I can imagine a group of people meeting secretly to plot exactly how to help Simone do this. But I have to laugh at this. Nothing could be more amusing or harmless if it were true. If only it were true! They would decide on a big day for the confrontation. High Noon on Amory Street. The suspect marshall goes out to meet the crowd of bad guys. Such a fantasy. Of this my whole life has been made. A better movie I could not imagine. But, regrettably, it will not have a chance to be played out in reality. They are no better than incompetent bad guys. She is away again this weekend. To visit Carol in Philadelphia, and, undoubtedly, to visit with Michael Shaeffer. She has not mentioned this as one of her intentions. But I doubt she'd go all the way there and not see him. Yesterday she told me of fooling around with him, and on my bed! It was the night Nancie came over to make Christmas cards. A week ago Monday.

Simone is marking me as her property again. She's like a dog pissing on a tree. A few days ago I find a pair of her underwear between my sheets. A very black and exotic little thing. A day or so later one of her bras appears in with my underwear and socks. Perhaps this was for Michael who she says often looks through my things when he's here. He seems to think that she may be giving me some of his things. Last Wednesday Ann was going to stay here with me. She was going to stay with Ken. A last minute change of plans lead me to stay at Ann's house. The next morning, in my room, at the top of my full garbage can, is one of her used tampons.

Joe and I had a tense fight a few days ago. It was about his latest true love. She's married. He's worried about me writing something in my notes that will reveal who she is. I didn't even remember her name. Only that she was very attractive to him and had worked as a model in London. He didn't want me to write

about her. But couldn't ask me to do this directly. But the atmosphere in the room was very tense. He was very serious and wanted to be able to have his way with me. He began in a very careful way. It reminded me of negotiations to end the Vietnam War and how they started with discussions about the shape of the table. He was vvr raging and furious inside. But very controlled. You can manipulate me, but you can do it to Joe, Simone cheers from the sidelines. He adds that I'm not in his class. Very good, but definitely not in his class. He is very good. I am just a sarcastic jokster, who has no real success in life because I treat everything in this same way. His best punch barely phases me. But he continues with very careful discussions about the shape of the table. In the end I have to tell him that what went on between him and this woman is of little interest to me. Unlike Simone, who was the source of some of his anxiety, he does not pretend to be open and honest in his relationships. He is deceptive and deceived. Both to himself and the other person. He wants to know that he is attractive to, and can attract women like that. Its important for his self image. But he never seems to realize that they probably have motives quite unrelated to his being attractive. They may do it to get even with someone. He may remind them of a father figure. They could just be horny and want a zipless fuck. Or some other reason. But he needs to deceive himself about being attractive to women. Its something like Linda wanting to be told that she is beautiful. The men do it and its the way they get what they want from her. A small price to pay. He is intrigued by my description of him as deceptive. I mention Peg House. He claims to have no feeling for her. But as I see it he is somewhat like me and uses his considerable intellect to bury and ignore feelings of that sort. Some years ago I used the most incredibly superficial and stupid reasons as explanations to myself, for rejecting women. Some little thing made them unattractive to me. Some tiny insignificant thing made them completely unacceptable. And along with this had to come the squashing of any feelings for them. And later continued rationalization to keep the feelings from coming back. Simone is amazed at this point as it seems, to her, that I've turned him around. He's actually asking me for advice about what I think he should do. He went from being very strong to being mush, Simone says. But you have it just the opposite, I inform her. He was mush to me as long as he tried to be strong and resist me. But when he turned it around and asked me for advice I became pressed against the wall. I had to do something real or be exposed as a complete jokester. It was ok to keep it up as long as he tried to keep things serious and tried to be more of an authority than me. But his real question, about what he should do about his real life, was an unbeatable defense. The moment he exposed himself as being unable to do something about an important part of his life was exactly the moment that I, inside of me, felt the battle turn. And it was a fight to win something. It was easy to manipulate him, to keep him from getting what he wanted, as long as he continued to do the same to me. A direct question would have really put me on the spot.

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It never ceases to amaze me how people see this doggedly resolute pursuit of something as being a sign of strength. And then to see an admission of weakness as a sign of weakness. Certainly in a real battle, where people will die, this is the case. But in the world of will wars, brain battles, emotional engagements, and feeling fights, just the opposite is true. Joe does not need to keep his latest yummy out of my notes. He needs the kind of relationships that he never has with those yummys, or with anyone else, so far. The only real fight he has is with himself. I think that asking me for advice, even if the advice is worthless, and certainly many would tell him to ignore it, was the best thing he could do for himself. It may help him think more clearly about what he does. There were some interesting things I noticed about him during our little engagement. Normally he has a very slight lisp. It became a little more pronounced. His voice becomes softer and a little slower. He lowers his chin and raises his eyebrows from time to time. These were the things I saw as clues to how intense this was going to be for him. He saw me as someone who would evade the thing he wanted to do something about. And he was right. I could not help but be equally indirect. On the other hand I could have pointed out, right away, that it was not necessary to go through this convoluted process of his negotiating for something. It was my mistake not to have done that. It was clear almost immediately as to what was really going on. There was something to what he said. I have noticed it before in myself. It is as though I will not settle for things going any way other than where I want them to go. So I do a number of things. Stalling is one. Being sarcastic is another. Making a joke about something still another. The result is to build up a reservoir of frustration in whoever I am trying to communicate with. It is nothing but a roadblock to good communications. I could have ended this roadblock with Joe sooner than I did.

Simone has found me a number of books and articles about how different writers work. Particularly those who write autobiographically. She tells me about how Anais Nin does character analysis and how Proust describes little things and incidents with a lot of detail. She has ideas for developing my writing. I have a list of new books and articles to read from her. All this came after one evening when I told her to go away and stop bothering me when I'm doing my art. Don't bother me when I'm working on my art, says me.

Long talk on the phone with Ann about all the facts in the case. We try to clear up what's going on here. Who said what when. She has heard something from Edwin, via Dana, about my behavior the night Ed was here with Simone. He's married and is deceiving his wife about his relationship with Simone. I came home unexpectedly and they were in bed. Joe was with me. We came in, and walked to the other end of the house. Simone came out of her room, stark naked, very nervous and agitated. She put something on and went to the livingroom to talk to me. Its



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who is very afraid of you, she tells me. At this point I don't know who it is, but thought it might be Jack. It surprised me to learn it was Ed. So Edwin heard I knocked on the door and bothered them for 45 minutes. It lasted ten minutes. He was so afraid that I would hit him and Simone that he got dressed and left. I pretended to be curious and tried to look under the crack between the floor and the door, which was open slightly. Is he under the bed, I ask, and little knowing that that's what he did. Dana has to make his contribution, and tells me to respect their privacy. So he gets dressed and leaves. I thought you had a date, she said. It was Joe, I replied. I thought you wouldn't be home till tomorrow, she said. It is tomorrow, I replied, pointing to the clock. She is about to hit me and laugh in the same moment. She is totally frustrated at having been caught so red, or wet-handed. Edwin has been telling Ann more things. Like how I miss many appointments with Simone. That I don't care when its her. Then its ok to be late. Edwin jumps on the rumor wagon.

I have some new ideas for writing next year. A new notebook with dividers for each of the months. Each month will have the same number of blank sheets as days in that month. I will try to write something every day. Or at least to write enough each month to use all the pages for that month. And a small notebook, like the one I've been keeping, to jot things down during the day. Maybe one with a page for every day in the year. Also, I will write, and include in these notes, more letters. And more in depth analysis of people, like Anais Nin, as suggested by Simone.

I met a woman in the laundromat the other day. She approached me first. I wanted to say something to her. Very attractive. It was a bit awkward for both of us. We kept trying to talk. I was trying hard to think of what to say next. She managed to walk out the same time as me. Asking her which street she lived on, I offered to walk with her. Harvard Street, she responded. I fumbled with that one for a moment when she walked in the opposite direction from me. I was embarrassed and said something about seeing her next time she was doing her laundry. I was so stupid not to invite her to our Christmas Eve dinner and party.

More ideas about this new, altered state. Talking to Linda she suggests its like Buddhist meditation, a state of having a clear mind. No, its not like that, or its not like I read it as being like. I have felt something similar, at times, to what people call the meditative state. This is not like anything I've heard of or read about. It is completely, incredibly, starkly, uncompromisingly real. It is like being aware of atoms, molecules, cells, tissues, organs, and finally, the organism itself, but with no ideological, religious, political, cultural, learned overtones. As though I have incorporated within me, as a feeling, the knowledge of all evolutionary development. As though the rational part of my brain did not exist, or was not in control. I had this image of myself on a large white surface.

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Like a floor made up of large white tiles. The tiles, and the lines separating each tile, stretch off into the distance. And maybe, somewhere far away, there is something else. Normally things are crowding around me in a circle. All kinds of things. Each making their own noise, and wanting their own kind of attention. Sometimes they move in closer. The circle gets tighter. I get a little panicked. I become a little paranoid. Suddenly something happens to push them back and away from me. The clear space around me gets bigger. I can hear a little whistling of the wind. Just barely. Sometimes I can push everything way back and out of the way. Sometimes they are crowding me very close. This state is as though there is nothing crowding around. There is no floor. There is nothing, and there is everything, all at the same time, but it is nothing. At the same time none of these things exist. This feeling comes and it goes. Click. I feel it. Click. It goes away. I hold my hand up to the light and look at the details. It is not a hand. It is a foot, a claw, a thing in the universe. It just is. It is nothing beyond that. It has no ideology, dogma, beliefs, as though it had no human emotions, as though human feelings did not exist. It is feeling without the human part of the brain.

Jeff tells Simone that he's decided to go with Janice. Its the best he can do. Simone will not decide on him. Nobody is perfect, but he's going to try it with her. She has threatened to leave him if he sleeps with Simone. He will only have dinner with her. I see it as his having adopted his parents about how to live his life. He is completely resigned. Perhaps it will change in the future. He is very insecure with her. She lives in Ken's apartment building. He doesn't want her to meet him. Jeff thinks Ken will seduce her away from him.

I have had this idea for a book of violence fantasies. Short little fantasies from many people's experience. A man is telling me about the dangers of living in his neighborhood. I had never noticed it. He has two big dogs to protect him. I start to have one about a woman, small, attractive, out walking with two dogs. But they are not normal dogs. They look normal. But up close they have enormous and powerful jaws, almost like sharks or reptiles. They are mutants. Someone approaches her and attacks. The dogs shred her attacker.

November 13, 1981, the second Space Shuttle launch. Anxieties about watching it take off. Edwin is here to see it on our TV. I decide to take a shower. My fear is that if I watch then something disastrous will happen to it. An explosion or a crash. My watching it will cause something to go wrong.

This same night, the 13th, I talk to Bill Kennedy about his seeing Adele at an est meeting. He wants me to take est. I tell him about my proposition to Ken. Richard, one of my students at MIT, took est, and eventually concluded that people used it to justify and entrench themselves in their own past opinions of themselves. Bill is quite sure it has done a lot for him. Its magic, he tells me. He believes

that it will help Adele get over her fear of me. That she will eventually stop blaming me. It can't fail to do this, he assures me. He expects something dramatic to happen by the end of January. That's when the current seminar series she's taking will end. He encourages me to go to a seminar should she ask. She hasn't yet, I tell him. He's surprised to hear this as everyone is encouraged to try and get people to come. He's surprised she hasn't asked me. I'm not. She wouldn't be able to hold her present position against me in the presence of something as simple as est. Her two meetings with me were, I suspect, to fulfill the course requirements, and nothing more. She wants to tell herself that she's done it. The it in this case is very little, but its an it.

Linda has had a big personal development in the last few days. Last Monday she cancelled a date with me for the evening. A note said she was feeling very jealous of my couple relationship with Simone. The next few days she became more hostile and pushed me for being in this couple relationship. She also stayed away from me a way of punishing me. You're not going to use me again, she states adamantly! Christmas Eve she came by to leave me a present and to spend some time at our party. She was very nervous and tense. Later she called me from work and admitted the last week was an act. She finds that being in a relationship with me, and having Simone as part of it, really brings up a lot of very deep feelings for her. It is as though she is back in her family and having all those old feelings. But she wants to confront those things in herself. It is one of the first times I have heard someone so clearly state that the source of their difficulties in life lies within themselves. She was very straightforward about seeing that it has nothing to do with me or Simone, just herself, and what fears she is confronted with. She wants to spend more time confronting these things. She doesn't feel therapy will do it. She liked some parts of bioenergetics as it caused feelings to come up very easily, but they were not as real as those things that come up in the realistic situation with me and Simone. She is feeling much better about me. I told her how she had gone through things like this with me before so I wasn't worried. It only goes on for 3 or 4 days. The longest, when she stopped working for me once, was about 2 weeks or 10 days. But she is learning something and it doesn't last as long. She realizes sooner that its her difficulty.

Lotti called me earlier to come over and visit her. I get there and who should appear, but Linda and Joe, with his eight cylinder reindeer! It got a bit tense. I don't think they expected me to be there. They didn't stay long. Joe said something about me and Lotti fucking again, but it was a bit too harsh to have been a joke. It poked at it just a little too long. Lotti assured them that she'd invited me. They may have thought I showed up to cause a disturbance of the peace. Linda pattered around for awhile and left, but not before telling

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us the latest chapter in the Warren Beatty story. It seems he is married but has separated from his wife. She was there for some reason. They had an open relationship in the beginning, but he didn't like to come home and find the clothes of other men there. So they are parting ways. Or so he says. It could be that he is just twisting her around again. On the other hand, he did give her the phone number of his house. I felt somewhat jealous that she will see him again, but she did it from my advice. She can still learn a lot from this. It is not clear that everything she told him was true. We shall see. She comments again about how handsome he is. It will cause her difficulties in seeing other things in the future.

Peter Goldstein, someone I met at Ann's house, and who came to the Christmas Eve party, read some of my writing, a little from the beginning, middle, and end, and had four things to say about it: 1) excellent, 2) there is a development within the writing, 3) fragments/sense of what goes on in an individual's life, seems to focus on a person, relates to progress in life, going to a point of formulating something, moving in a certain direction, but doesn't know what, couldn't think of a similar style, 4) don't stop. He is a writer himself, and has had a play or two produced off Broadway. He has also taught writing at the university level, and has done public relations writing. I sat here, literally on the edge of my bed, while he read some of it. I stayed only a few moments, really, and then left the room. Some time later he came to me with his comments. It made me feel good for an instant. Then it is almost as though it is never enough. Enough praise, that is. It wears off almost instantly. I even get a little depressed. Then the search for more praise from someone new begins. Why do I need this?

Before I began these eight pages, the following question was bothering me: Why is the description of events so elusive? Namely, the events described here in these last eight pages. It seemed as though they would be impossible to describe accurately. This was my feeling. Several explanations are possible. Am I unable? Am I unwilling? Am I unconscious of what's really happening? Am I fooling myself about being able to see? Am I stupid? Then I went ahead and tried to do it. The little pieces were not so hard. Its as though saying, admitting how difficult it is, helped me to do it better. The little pieces came out not so bad. But some part hasn't come out at all.

Wednesday, De-ember 30, 1981, page 1

Katy, who called Simone yesterday about living with us, has arrived. I meet her in the hallway. She's outside the apartment to smoke a cigarette. She is the oldest and most beautiful 14 year old I have ever seen. Just getting to be voluptuous. She wears an old dress, or maybe new, with rips in the sides. One can see her bare skin and bra. She looks directly at me and introduces herself. Very energetic. Her body seems to be in constant motion. It is youth, restlessness, and anxiety about being aware of herself. She is dressed in a glamorous and overly made up fashion. Nails painted on fingers and toes. Heavy makeup. She's in the bathroom putting on more when I come in to brush my teeth. You don't need it, I tell her, and do you know why? Because its not natural, she answers. No, because you are quite beautiful without it. She drops some of her things when I say this. She admits its for her pimples. People my age have trouble keeping their skin clear, she informs me. She has to rush out after that. All afternoon she is going from one place to another. Simone whispers to me that she's gone into the bathroom 15 or more times. I wonder what for, she whispers conspiratorically. All day she's been whispering things about Katy to me. Then she shushes me from time to time. She is like a parent. Afraid to have the children hear grownups talk. She wants Katy to go to school if she lives here with us. She doesn't want her to drink in our house. Katy could barely walk a straight line, she whispers. Its too much for such a small person. Why does she drink? So she will appear to be more of a grownup, because its what people in her family, especially her mother, do, and probably because of some peer pressure. It is also something to do with her hands and mouth, as opposed to talking. She uses it as a way to conceal her nervousness and lack of experience. More leaving the room to go elsewhere, not for any particular reason, but to break the mood of the moment. I talk to her some at the beginning. Telling her about how Simone is afraid she will seduce me. I can easily see why. You are the oldest and most beautiful 14 year old I know. She has to leave the room. Simone finds her a little later writing in her journal, apparently about me. She has a biteplate. She turns to remove it for hiding in her purse. She is embarrassed to have anyone see it. On the other hand she wants her teeth to be straight and beautiful. She is similar to Simone in many ways.

Thursday, December 31, 1981, page 1

Today is the last day of the year and I've no grand conclusions about it. Not that I haven't been thinking about it today. More than the usual share of things are happening today. Or is it that this is true of every day? More than average happens every day. And I've not a thing to say about it. Filled at the moment with anxiety about what to write next. Its like being in a car speeding toward a blind intersection, with no certainty that traffic from different directions will stop. I wanted to sit here and write something brilliant about the last year. A year in which I've managed more things for myself, especially in terms of writing than ever before. But to be honest, and this occurs to me just a moment after writing the previous sentence, that is not true if calculated with expectations I have of myself. At this moment I again think of giving up the whole thing. I think ahead to the next year and the prospect of writing at least a page a day. The notebook for the new year sits there all ready and able. I need only wait till after midnight.

The Katy case concerns me again. Simone has been out with them. Katy has walked off again and disappeared. Simone calls for advice. That's why I wanted you to come with me, she says. Another excuse to get me going in her direction. To do what she wants of me. I planned to go out with them, Simone, Katy, and Daniel, earlier. But then lost all desire. Simone wouldn't allow this. An hour and a half tantrum. It was something to watch. She didn't want to go too far off her rocker, probably for fear of what Daniel might pass back to his parents. He has told Simone about his desire to come and live with us. He had to fight his parents and pay his way to get here. But Katy is still missing. Simone thinks she has wandered off with two 16 year old drunks. Why? She can control people like this. They will do what she wants in return for sexual favors. With us she feels out of control. She wants more attention than she's getting. Again, much like Simone when she was younger.

She's back. In a taxi. Simone called to say she'd be home soon also. Now I think about the reckoning we will have to do. Is this anyway to end the year? So much for my pretensions. Goodbye 1981. Several of us watch the new year come in on TV. Me, Linda, Nadine, and Katy.